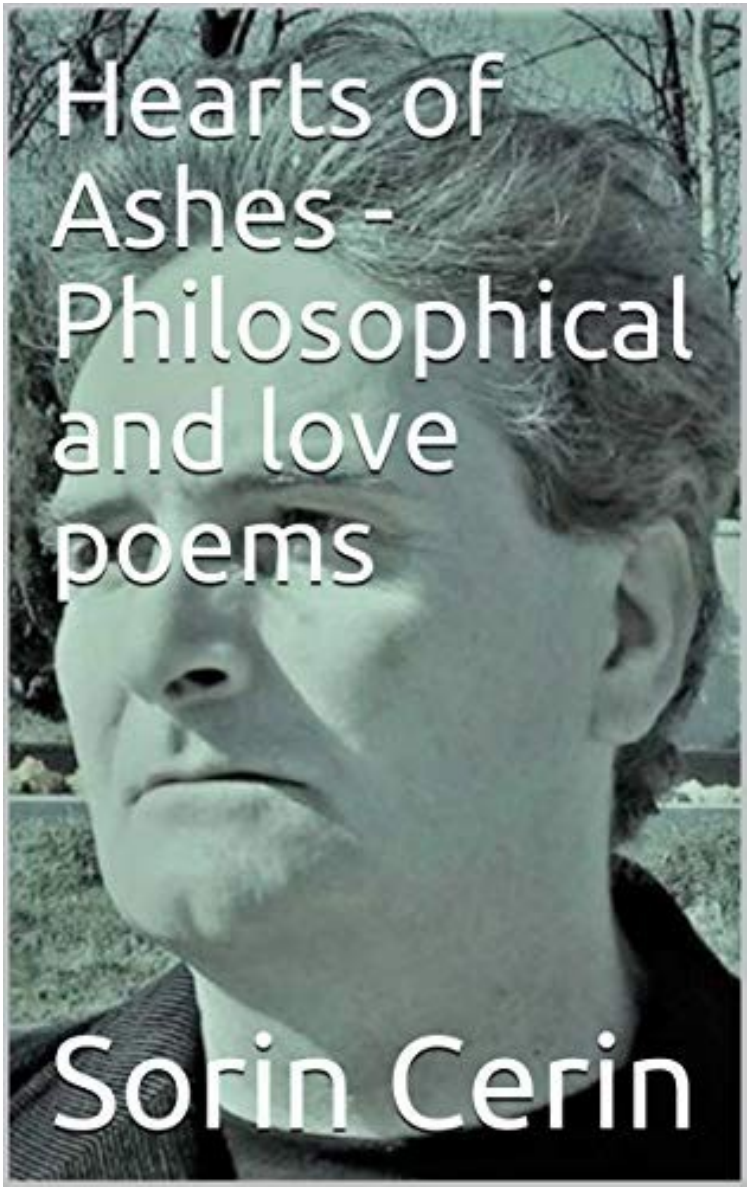

Hearts of Ashes - Philosophical and love poems
Sorin Cerin

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2021

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1. Hearts of Ashes

Wrinkles of, light women,
have entered into delirium since they gave up Hopes,
and now they tremble impatiently to come them the row,
at the Morgue of Happinesses,
whence they wish to take,
the Future,
which appears to have deceased,
due to an overdose,
of Truth.

Bitter roots of Original Sins,
break the waves of Lives,
on the way to Death,
of Destiny.

Wings exhausted by the powers of Creation,
they collapse over the Maternity hospitals of Words,
strangling them still from before of to be born.

Barren promises,
they do everything to be able to give birth to at least one comma,
to be placed next to the question mark,
which, are we.

Hunchbacked threats,
are waiting to be vacated their parking space,
for people with disabilities,
for to descend as deep as possible into our Souls,
sick of Love.

All that longer remained to be said,
to the Hearts of Ashes, which, we have become,
is the address of the cardiology department,
of the Dreams,
the only ones who still know how to play with the Fire,
what could rekindle us,
the Love.

2. I believe

I believe,
in the dust of Memories,
no matter how stifling would be,
when we get lost,
on the labyrinthine streets,
of our Hearts of Ashes,
on, whose addresses,
can barely be deciphered,
the name of the Embers,
which, were we,
when we danced,
with Immortality,
embracing the Fire of Love,
next to which, Nobody and Nothing,
would not have been able to defeat us,
if we hadn't lost,
and the last Creed,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
whose Frost of End of World,
it froze us even the marrow of the Blood of the Hope,
forever,
what, was the last Creed,
which our Soul still had,
upon him,
by which he would have succeeded,
to pay his debt,
which he had to the Time,
who always wanted us indebted to Death,
for which we were anyway,

predestined to Loneliness,
the only one what could clothe us, the Emptiness of the Soul,
which still remained from us,
unburied.

I believe,
even then,
when I feel abandoned,
by myself,
and the rays of the Divine Light,
seem to me to be a Dream,
on which the wings of my Angels,
they can never touch them again,
in their flight above,
the Horizon of Death,
of this World,
whose Truth,
has rusted so much,
that it has no longer remained from him,
than the sad skeleton,
of the Word of Creation,
on whose forehead,
somewhere - sometime,
they danced for us, the Hopes of Happiness,
which we shared it,
every time,
when we swam,
in the Glances of the clear Sky,
of our Souls,
Love.

I believe,
only in you Love,
no matter how deep I fall,
in the dry fountain,
of the Flowers of Tears,
dried and abandoned,
what, not even now,
they don't seem to have separated from each other,
because they are tied in the bouquet,
which I gave you,
at the birth of our first Smile,
from the body of the Happiness of Thoughts,
to which we gave,
whole waves of the Water of Life,
of the Sunrises,
of so many and so many,
Plans we made,
of to stay together,
without knowing that we will ever reach,
leaned against the cold and indifferent pillars,
of the Resignations of this Existence,
what, they no longer want to let us,
to become ourselves again,
ever.

I believe,
in the Sacred Fire,
lit by the Divine Light,
precisely for your Glance,
to warm with his flames,
the Stars of Immortality,
that tremble from the cold of Loneliness,
somewhere, on the vault,

of the Words of a Love,
which can barely be uttered,
in the cold shadow of Death,
who remembered them,
to recite them,
only for us,
among the gray Walls,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
which were erected precisely,
by Destiny,
so that we may never escape,
from the lead prisons,
of our Souls.

I believe,
in the Eyes of Sky,
of the Future,
in which we lost,
the Purpose,
thrown on the potter's wheel,
of a Time,
which we will beg him,
to shape us,
from the dust of the Eternity of his Moment,
the clay cup,
from which we can drink to the end,
the wine of Hopes,
as later,
to we run so drunk by them,
so that to we fall asleep,
on the shores of the Words,
until the emergence of the Immortality,
whose Sunrise,
to enlighten us the Way,

towards ourselves.

I believe,
in the dewdrops of the Icons,
of our Souls,
what, they will water,
with the Absolute, giver of Life,
of the Love,
the Infinity,
that will bless,
the Absolute Truth,
in his fight,
with the Arid Desert of Death,
dug deeper and deeper,
in the Heart of Dust of the Forgetfulness,
from which an unconscious God,
he built us the bodies of the Words,
blowing in them,
the Feeling of Pain.

I believe,
in the buds of the raw green of the Spring,
from our transcendental beings,
what they want to rediscover, each other,
the Eternity,
lost among the palms beaten,
by the labors of the Suffering,
of the Absurd and Vanity,
of a World of Despair,
from whose stone, cold and lacked of feeling,
we were forced to sculpt,
the Hearts of our own Feelings.

I believe,
in the covenant made,
by the Absolute Truth,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
with ourselves,
on dusty roads with Days,
of the Destiny,
who will never be able to take us away,
no matter how much, it would like,
from the Love,
which will always be waiting for us,
even then,
when we will fall helpless,
at, the head of the graves,
of our Glances,
from this World,
which none of us,
we never wanted ,
to dig them,
in the hard rock of Loneliness,
which always grinds us,
without stopping,
even, the Endlessness,
of the Hopes.

I believe,
in the waves of the Memories,
because I have no choice,
when I find out they're breaking,
without their will,
by the cold and sharp shores of the Oblivion,
in whose body it was destined for us,
to live our Despair,

of to lose ourselves,
from our own Future,
whose wings are broken,
on the grains of sand of the Moment,
in whose Soul,
we should have found our Eternity,
if it had not been carried away,
by the winds of the Vanity,
to Nowhere,
together with our Dreams,
to build with her Feeling,
the wide beaches of the Illusions of Life and Death,
alongside many other Moments,
which we will step on, for no reason,
just to write,
our own names,
with colder and trembling letters,
without ever being linked again, between them,
by any Heart.

I believe,
in the increasingly lost Distances,
of the Hopes,
which none of us,
we never want to see them again,
so unfulfilled,
as they were at the soles,
of our vain Dreams,
which have clothed us, somewhere - sometime,
the Divine Light of Love,
which trembled with cold,
alongside the walls full of dampness,
of our Hearts,
which we could not repair them,

because we weren't allowed to do it,
by the Non-Senses of this Existence.

I believe,
in you Love,
no matter how many chains of lead,
they have been tied to you,
by the Absurd of the Illusions of this World,
on the ankles of your Dreams,
that bleed incessantly,
with the Divine Light,
that remained unshaded in us,
and no matter how pained it would be,
it still has the strength,
to send its rays of the Feeling,
over the Flowers of Tears,
of our Desires,
from which we would like to build you an altar,
Love,
to which to we worship,
placing, on him, instead of icons,
all that remained unprofaned in us,
by, the Death,
to whom we are sold,
by the criminal hand,
of the Creation,
of the Original Sins.

I believe,
in all that can be Sacred,
although we're still crushed,
by the lead soles,
of our Thoughts,

what, they no longer support,
the Weight and Firmness,
which they had, somewhere - sometime,
letting them collapse on us,
because they cut themselves
in the shards of the Time,
which, was broken us,
when he was thrown hard,
off the Walls of Suffering,
by the Rebellion of an Eternity,
of the Glance,
about which none of us,
we did not believe,
that it can hide,
in the hot blood,
of her purpose,
the Love,
about which we knew,
that it remained,
frozen at the edge of road,
of our own Destiny,
from where she could no longer be saved,
ever.

3. Ghosts of Flames

Rusty Memories,
by the breaths of Autumns,
what, are still running,
through our Hearts of Ashes,
to catch the last train of Forgetfulness,
in the railway station abandoned by the Feelings,
where we set us a meeting with the Destiny,
Love.

Ghosts of Flames,
they dance chaotically,
with the Cemeteries of Words,
of what was somewhere - sometime,
our Sacred Fire,
of the Love,
at whose Light,
we warmed our Glances,
which at that time,
they were not yet decomposed,
in the gray spectrum,
of the Pain.

4. At the Sanatorium of Destiny

Cardboard smiles
lie folded,
on the bizarre forms of Thoughts,
increasingly sharp,
what, they pierce us with their indifference,
the Future of Nobody,
to the broken window of some Expectations,
that will not succeed to protect us,
from the Cold that grinds us,
the homeless Days,
of the Dreams,
increasingly sick and sad,
hospitalized by Death,
at the Sanatorium of Destiny,
of this World of Vanity.

5. Rightful owner

Sad Waterfalls, of Reproaches,
they fall inert to the soles,
of the Future,
which seems to have nothing to add,
to the Absurd,
who scolded him,
because he dared,
to show us somewhere - sometime,
how it looks,
a glimmer of Divine Light,
of the Boundlessness,
which springs,
from the Glance of a Love,
which we were never allowed to see it,
on the realm of this World,
whose rightful owner,
is Death.

6. Labyrinths, without borders

The Tears of the Blood,
of some lost Horizons,
still looking,
the lost addresses,
where they can spend the night,
on the deserted streets of the Hopes,
from whose bodies,
the Absurd has created for him,
Labyrinths, without borders,
of Despairs,
which are served to us with greatness,
in the homeless Days,
of our own Destinies.

7. The Name

Bridges of Hopes suspended,
in the Hearts of Ashes,
shattered by Forgetfulness,
to Nowhere,
they always beat the wrong hour,
in the stifling air,
from the chest of the Cemeteries of Words,
which we utter unceasingly to the Despair,
which we desire it thrown,
with the shadows of Steps,
never trodden,
by the reddened iron,
of our Future,
with the help of which Destiny has marked us,
the Name,
fallen into the boundless depths,
of the Absurd Unknown,
from whose body we were built,
to we be aware of,
the Pain,
from which to we make bricks,
which we to build,
in the prison walls,
what, they have become to us,
our bodies.

8. Our Loneliness

Walls of Words,
they separate us from ourselves,
remaining imprisoned,
in the hourglass of the homeless Days,
of the Hearts of Ashes,
which flow,
through the wide wrinkles,
of the Horizons so drunk,
that they forgot,
to set their clocks of the Truth,
after the new hour of the Spring,
also abandoned,
by, the Happiness,
which Destiny could no longer bear,
at his house,
of sand,
scattered toward nowhere,
by our Loneliness.

9. Cold and unpleasant

Barren Promises,
languish on the lips of the Oblivions,
which always forget to wipe them,
off the foreheads of the Words,
cold and unpleasant,
which clothe us,
with their sarcastic smile,
the homeless Day,
of the Destiny,
frozen too,
by the frost of the end of World,
from the Blood of our Memories,
arctic,
through whose Hearts,
beat,
the destructive winds,
of the Inferno,
what lies in each of us.

10. The Glances of Happinesses

We are Frames of glasses,
abandoned,
by the Glances of Happinesses,
in which we would have liked,
somewhere - sometime,
we to frame,
the Love,
banished from the shores
of our Destinies,
by the Storms of the Existential Non-Senses,
what they brought in her place,
the Sockets of Question Marks,
on which we play our roles,
of Living Statues,
given by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which oblige us,
to find out,
our own shelters of Words,
while they carries us,
blind of ourselves,
on the streets without addresses,
of the Souls.

11. The locks of hair of the Moments

Drops of Words,
fall into the streams,
on the foreheads of the Tears,
from the resigned bodies,
of the Hearts of Ashes,
what, they beat deafening,
in the eardrums of Hopes,
wanting to break them,
the apparent Monotony,
given by Death,
to shelter,
under her roof,
from the ruthless frosts,
of the Glances,
that shatters us,
to Nowhere,
the locks of hair of the Moments,
from which we still believed,
that we will be able to weave,
the Future.

12. On the rusty Strings

Withered Dawn,
in the chipped vases of the Moments,
they measure us the Time of Nobody,
using Forgetfulness of ourselves,
as a standard,
for to rediscover us,
the Future,
possessed by all the diseases of Loneliness,
of a Past,
which we thought we got rid of,
and he won't sing to us anymore,
the Pain,
on the rusty Strings,
of a Hope,
which none of us,
we wouldn't have wanted it,
ever.

13. It collapses in secret

Horses of Dreams,
free from the Original Sins,
they run, mad on the shores of Despair,
unable to understand,
how we incarnated,
in a Destiny of Nobody.

Voices of Hopes,
they shout hoarsely,
after the Horizon,
which collapses in secret,
after the longing of the Sky of Glance,
of a Love.

Wilderness of Words,
is all that remained from us,
the drowned,
by the chore of the homeless Days,
of the Meanings.

14. They made their alibi

We flow through the riverbeds,
what, they made their alibi,
from the wrinkles of the Tears,
springing from the Despair,
of to no longer find us,
ever,
in the Glances of Mirrors,
of Dawn,
which we break,
in sharp shards,
whose bodies of Hopes,
they always remain,
together with us,
the ones Lost of Words,
in the Fountain of Dawn,
what, they will be born,
without ever existing,
reconciliation,
with its own Self,
of the Vanity of this World.

15. At her first childhood

Always distrustful,
the Truth,
recruits Zodiac signs,
to build from them,
the bodies of the Moments,
of a Horoscope of the Tears,
weakened by the Love,
which the Dreams,
still sell it for nothing,
to the Reproaches,
through the Fairs of periphery of the Glances,
in the depths of which,
we often get lost,
the Death,
which restlessly,
runs toward nowhere,
being, still,
at her first childhood,
through the veins of our Words.

16. Fragments

Faiths weakened by the increasingly dense Mists,
of the Remorses,
beaten up,
by the Memories,
what, they can barely distinguish,
the imprisoned Past,
of the homeless Days,
in whose bodies,
they spent the night,
our Cemeteries of Words,
because they had no where to go,
elsewhere,
on the frosts of end of World,
of the Glances,
which, they became breakable,
when they fell,
deaf,
on the cold cement and indifferent,
of our Thoughts,
disintegrating into thousands of Fragments,
from which we no longer had what to make,
because we could not to rebuild anything with them.

17. A new Date

I received, Breath,
from the turbulent Waters,
of the Despairs,
which have flooded our Zodiac signs,
increasingly dilapidated and full of dampness,
through the Birth halls,
of a Time,
of the Nobody,
who did not know what he was looking for,
among those moments,
who without their will,
they marked with their grieving bodies,
a new Date,
in a calendar of the Absurd,
building us unconsciously,
on, ourselves.

18. We remained

We rustle,
sighing,
under the Steps of Shards,
of the homeless Days,
what are they rotting,
through our Dreams,
Memory,
where only we remained,
the only Leaves,
which can still be cut,
by the Desert of the Glance,
deeply lost,
in the Heart of Ashes,
scattered by Death,
on the cheeks of a Kiss,
what now,
is of the Nobody,
among so many other Rustles,
of the Leaves that are spreading,
at the soles of another Time,
which will never be,
our,
Love.

19. So seriously

I'm running toward Nowhere,
Love,
trying to meet you,
in the Eternity of the Moment,
of our Feelings,
about which I find out,
that it got sick,
so seriously,
so that,
the Clock of Expectations,
took her urgently,
at the ruined hospital,
of the Future,
what, was to collapse on us,
if he had not leaned on,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they no longer knew,
what other diagnosis to make to him,
except for the Absurd.

20. Through the veins of our Glances of Ashes

We wander through the Trace,
of the Blood of a Moment,
which has leaked,
in the dust of our incarnation,
where the Destiny,
digs deep,
Cemeteries of Words,
increasingly impersonal and cold,
on which is raining with Passions,
what, they puddle in the pits of Memories,
which collapse deaf,
in our Souls,
Love,
what, you remained,
of the Nobody,
after she was buried,
Eternity of the Moment,
of the Heart of Fire,
what, was extinguished,
by the ice breathing,
of the Death,
what was leaking,
through the veins of our Glances,
of Ashes.

21. In the Winter of end of World

Scattered,
by ourselves,
we are, the same,
rusty Leaves,
that we feed,
with the Ashes of Dreams,
what they burned,
smoldering,
together,
with the mantle of Love,
until we had no more,
what, to we wear,
in the Winter of end of World,
of the Forgetfulness,
nor with what to we warm us,
the Words,
which we have to clothe them,
frozen,
on the deserted streets,
of the Thoughts,
of the Nobody.

22. Into the sharp shards of the Regrets

Transparent crystals,
of Souls,
break into sharp shards,
of the Regrets,
deserted and sad,
in which our Moments are cut,
from which flow,
the blood of the Vanity and the Absurd,
which kept them alive,
at the intensive care unit,
of the Compromises,
with ourselves,
those who are always resuscitated,
by, the Death,
who gives us,
a new portion of Time,
of the Nobody,
to another,
than of our own,
Non-Sense of Existence.

23. Always burn

The Walls rusted by Memories,
they stop us at the border,
between me and you,
the gnawed ones by the fog of Feelings,
which is beginning to dissipate,
leaving in its place,
the serene, killer of Hopes,
under whose rays,
no Dream, no longer succeeds,
to create,
the lost Happiness,
among the bitter labyrinths,
of the Dawn of the Nobody,
from which we knead,
the dough of the new Sufferings,
which, will be baked,
in the furnaces of the Absurd,
which always burn,
in our Hearts of Ashes.

24. More and more burned

Realities with dirty hands,
they serve us Glances poisoned,
on the tables of the Vanities,
full of the household waste,
of so many Hopes,
without any purpose,
which serve the lunch of the Absurd,
at the canteen of the homeless Days,
where the main menu,
is composed,
from the Turmoils of Sufferings,
fried to the Fire of the Expectations,
more and more burned,
in the ruined ovens,
of our Hearts of Ashes.

25. The Hearts of Ashes of the Future

Every time,
we want to believe,
that in vain he carved us,
the God of Original Sins,
the Hearts, of Ashes,
from the bitter stone,
of the Destiny,
because we will win,
finally,
the Trace of the Pain,
in which we fell,
for to embody us the Absurd,
of a Thought of the Revenge,
which belongs to a Creation,
what, it wants to be,
the pyre on which to we burn us,
the Love,
for to give birth,
the Hearts of Ashes,
of the Future,
of this World,
of the Nobody.

26. In the chests of our Sufferings

It's snowing with the dead leaves,
of the Loves,
whose Memories,
they still have the strength to rustle,
under the soles increasingly heavy,
of the Loneliness,
which they clothe it for us,
every time,
the homeless Days,
when she meets us,
a Dream,
no matter how fragile,
whose roots,
could grow,
in the increasingly frozen ground,
of the Future,
of the Hearts of Ashes,
which are still beating the exact time,
in the chests of our Sufferings.

27. The Souls of Loves

Glances of wax,
they melt chaotically,
through the Traces of the Past,
letting appear,
the desolate image,
of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

Hearts, of Ashes,
they paint the Lead Walls,
of the increasingly indecisive Steps,
that are guarding,
the Souls of Loves,
that would like to embrace us,
the Eternities of the Moments,
but they are not left,
by the Death.

28. The Past, increasingly weakened

Whispers frozen,
in the wilderness of Denial,
they carry on the shoulders,
of the Oppositions,
the Traces of Lead,
of a Love,
Misunderstood.

Caravans of Moments,
they are heading it, toward Nowhere,
the Past,
increasingly weakened,
by disease of Solitude,
what seems to no longer heal,
Never.

29. Torrents of Remorses

Ditches wrinkled by Glances,
lie scattered on frozen faces,
of the Lonelinesses,
increasingly older,
what, they seek their asylum,
at the rusty gates,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
that do not understand them,
the increasingly indebted language,
by Death,
to the Desert lost in ourselves,
who never seems to find his way again,
from the Feelings,
that sweat us,
on the faces of the Thoughts,
in torrents of Remorses,
what wash the Ashes,
in which they metamorphosed for us,
the Hearts.

30. In the image and likeness of Loneliness

Obese news,
they can barely carry,
the bodies full,
of, the morbid content,
of the Expectations,
Unfulfilled.

Wings, broken,
by Dreams,
make even Death,
to lose its elan, Creator,
of to build,
the Tombs of the Glances,
in the image and likeness,
of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

Everything seems to have no measure,
in a World that has lost,
even the Non-Senses of Existence,
which still kept her away,
from the Absurd,
in which it embodied,
the Purpose of Suffering.

31. Among the cold walls of cathedrals of some Dreams

Gods of Happiness,
who have become slaves,
of the Vanity,
they ask for mercy,
from, a Sky of Words,
which no longer belongs to them,
being sold,
by Death,
to Suffering,
which we are obliged,
to we wear it with godliness,
among the cold walls of cathedrals,
of some Dreams,
on which they still hang,
the Icons of some Loves,
which implore us to take them from there,
alongside us,
but we are aware,
that we would have nowhere to shelter them,
elsewhere,
than,
on the cold Walls,
and full of the soot of Loneliness,
of our Hearts of Ashes.

32. The true meaning of the Absurd

Expectations of Fire,
light the candles of the Memories,
which set us on fire,
finally the Future,
turned into a huge pyre,
of the Dreams,
which burn smoldering,
illuminating with their Souls,
the frozen face of Death,
who can't wait to be served,
from tender meat,
of the bodies of some Hopes,
thrown specially into the flames,
of end of World,
of the Suffering,
to let to us, too,
the bleached bones of Vanity,
that we may understand,
the true meaning,
of the Absurd.

33. So that we can live

We are running towards Nowhere,
accompanied by, the Death,
who, does not want to separate from us,
not at all,
although we promised her,
that we will give her,
the Broken Mirror,
of the Luck,
for nothing,
even, if we would have offered her,
our whole Existence,
with all its Non-Senses,
in vain,
it remains inseparable,
from our Glances,
until,
we learned to die,
with each,
Eternity of Moment,
killed in vain,
so that we can live.

34. In the river of darkness

Shores of Compromises,
they offer us Days,
dirty, obscene, disgusting,
at the prices of, Nothing,
knowing that we will receive them,
into the cold and extinguished bodies,
of our Hearts of Ashes,
which still have remained to us,
to remind us,
of, the Fire of some Feelings,
of yesteryear,
before we sink,
forever,
in the river of darkness,
of the Forgetfulness.

35. Under the broken windows of the Truth

Burning Memories,
still illuminate us,
the Ashes of Hearts,
carried away by the winds of the Vanity,
on the wrinkled forehead,
of some Horizons,
of the Nobody,
which press our Dreams,
until none of them,
no longer succeed,
to reach in the empty Glances,
of the Future,
which has become so Desolate,
so that, no Moment,
no longer runs,
under the broken windows,
of the Truth,
between me and you
Love.

36. The bitter Depressions of the Absurd

We wandered,
through the labyrinth of the Vanity,
we are still desperately looking for,
the crystalline Water,
of the Life,
of some Dreams,
which has been poisoned to us,
with the bitter Depressions,
of the Absurd,
that have been offered to us,
as spiritual food,
at the gates of the cathedrals of Suffering,
which we were obliged,
to erect them,
toward the Heavens of Truths,
which will not be ours, Never,
if we do not free ourselves from ourselves,
Loving.

37. The Loneliness of a Sky of the Absurd

Horizons lascivious,
they lie sprawled,
at the tables of perdition,
of some homeless Days,
who sell their bodies for Nothing,
to the Depressions,
increasingly violent.

Lead Dreams,
they collapse,
over the brothels of the Words,
crushing them,
with the Loneliness of a Sky,
of the Absurd.

Shabby stalls,
on which still lies,
a skinny Hope,
seem to wait,
from before being the World,
a redeeming Death,
for to buy them,
the few Original Sins,
which still have remained them to feed,
from a God,
of the Nobody.

38. Pseudo Life

Depressive smiles,
kneel at the head,
of the Absurd,
of our own,
Non-Senses of Existence,
from which we must feed,
the Suffering,
which we owe it,
to Death,
on muddy and cold streets,
of the Destinies,
which seem to be, of the Nobody,
if, they wouldn't force us,
to we follow them, submissively,
the Way of Vanity,
whose dust of killed Moments,
we breathe it,
our whole Pseudo-Life,
what, never existed,
in the eyes in tears,
of the Absolute Truth.

39. Nothing from the Truth

We become more human,
only when we succeed,
to we please her,
to the Vanity,
with which Death has endowed us,
at the birth of the first cry,
of the Absurd,
which they exclaimed it to us,
the mothers of Sufferings,
in the maternity wards of the sordid Moments,
who have brought us on the World.

Nothing from the Truth,
has not been given to us to discern,
at the table of a Life,
on which only Death,
can really have it,
with us.

40. On the shoulders of the Dawns of Loneliness

Supported,
by the Walls of Vanity,
the Stars of Destinies,
dance with Death,
the Waltz, of end of World,
of the Absurd.

Whole vaults of Original Sins,
they carry their hunchbacked Years,
on the shoulders of the Dawns of Loneliness,
to which nor a Time,
he doesn't want to lend them a helping hand.

41. The Pain of a Creation of Nobody

At first it was the Pain,
of a Creation of Nobody,
who saw herself so alone,
so that she has needed us,
when she sailed on the sea of the Absurd.

But she had no way to keep us tied to her,
than through the Original Sins,
which, they did not yet exist,
and therefore,
she created them,
from our Hopes,
of to be loved.

42. The Unknown of the Flight

The wings of flint,
of the Hopes,
sparkle when they strike the Sky,
of our Dreams,
which ignites their Feelings,
from which they are often born,
the flames of Love,
tohether with which we can defeat,
the Unknown of the Flight,
which we have become ourselves,
those lost,
on the more and more sweaty foreheads,
of the Remotenesses,
which run incessantly,
for to find us,
the lost and burned Distances,
from the Hearts of Ashes,
of the Desert,
from our Words.

43. Flowers of Flames

Flowers of Flames,
given by the Horizons of the Sunrises,
they burn the Deserts of the Glances,
through which we often wander,
without a specific destination.

Flowers of Flames,
they consume our Loneliness,
which has nothing more to say to us,
among the bars of the Words,
from behind which we look,
the Death that awaits us,
Happy,
that she is together with us.

Flowers of Flames,
wither on lost Souls,
of the dark realms,
from our Hearts of Ashes,
where we are trying to find,
among the Non-Senses of Existence,
the Love.

44. In the dust of some Meanings

Frozen and cold Smiles,
they reap whole stems of Dreams,
which lie then,
tied in piles of Memories,
on the dark foreheads of the Future.

Sick moments of Loneliness,
they barely drag their Steps,
toward the Cathedral of Time,
which, he was never ours,
where they are expected, to die.

Just a few Words,
they still manage to hide their nakedness,
in the dust of some Meanings,
of the Nobody.

45. No one climbs anymore

Quietness,
so deep,
so that even Madness,
it becomes a chore,
of Happiness.

Loneliness,
long past the first Youth,
still waits for its Love,
on the worn steps,
of the Destiny,
of this World,
of the Nobody,
which No one climbs anymore,
long before the Times.

46. The cold and sharp steps of our Shards of Truth

Choirs of Angels,
of the Lonelinesses,
towards ourselves,
they sing in the cathedrals of the Suffering,
the Psalms of a World of Vanity,
for to please them,
to the Original Sins,
what they support on their shoulders,
the Absurd of Creation.

The bloody knees of Loves,
they barely crawl,
on the cold and sharp steps,
of our Shards of Truth,
which can no longer be rearranged, Never,
in a whole,
as they were,
before being broken.

47. The Souls of the Words

Cold dawn,
they smile frozen,
to the clenched Horizons,
of the Nobody.

The storms of Memories,
they shouted hysterically,
among the Shards of the broken Quietness,
in the edges of which,
they tread, pressed,
the Souls of the Words,
who have not yet been born,
to be able to offer us,
a Path to ourselves.

Only the Regrets,
have still remained,
to justify the Fate,
of a Love,
about which,
nor a Smile,
never ask again,
Love,
what he passed,

somewhere - sometime,
on there,
but about which,
Nobody,
he doesn't remember,
Nothing.

48. Wing of Wind

Sordid remorse,
rooted in the dust of the Feelings,
they sprout,
new Leaves of the Loneliness,
on which, nor a Love,
she will never come to admire them again,
not even in this year,
of the Absurd.

Just a Wing of Wind,
still beats the Desert,
of the Hearts of Ashes,
from our Souls,
increasingly tired.

49. The Tears of the Sky

Lead Clouds,
they press the Smiles,
clenched in increasingly empty Words,
over which it starts,
the Rain of the Meanings,
of some Lightnings,
which ignite our Desert,
with the Tears of the Sky,
which seem to dwell, always,
in the lost Dreams,
from the broken pockets,
of a Vanity,
on whose realms,
seems not to have happened, Nothing,
else,
than the same banal Nightmares,
of the Original Sins,
with whom we have become accustomed,
to we wait quietly,
the saving Death.

50. These were fashionable

Dense fogs of Memories,
cover with their Souls,
the cold and uncertain Future,
of the self Rediscoveries,
touched without mercy,
by the bitter mold,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which we said to each other, at the parting,
by ourselves,
Love.

The streets desolated,
by Lonelinesses,
they lost,
even the addresses,
of the Tears,
which have washed them, until now,
the Hopes,
dusty and withered,
what, were worn,
by Loves,
at a time when these,
were fashionable.

51. The only Prayer

I was waiting for you Rediscovery,
until I wasted,
and the last Moment of Dream,
received as a gift,
from the Divine Light,
of Love.

Wings of Angels,
they detach from the vaults,
of the Heavens of Promises,
to which they were bound until now,
and they fall deep and deaf,
in the abyss of my Soul,
what, no longer finds, Nothing,
to tell them,
besides Death,
the only Prayer,
what I have left to live.

52. The Word of a Love

Bitter rediscoveries,
they sprout in the moldy core,
of the Feelings,
generously seated,
in the places of people with severe disabilities,
because none of them,
doesn't manage to move,
or to communicate with our Souls,
forced in their turn,
to dress,
the Lead of the Clouds,
of a Sky of the Sadistic Freedom,
of to snow, with Vanity,
over every patch of Divine Light,
of our Moments,
covered with the mire of the Forgetfulness,
until they can no longer breathe,
not even a single syllable,
from the Word of a Love.

53. The Fire Mirrors of the Memories

Far away,
somewhere in the depths of Being,
I know you exist, Happiness,
handcuffed with our own Glances,
which decompose,
into the Mirrors of Fire of the Memories,
to which we can no longer,
to reproach them, nothing,
even if they broke,
from all sides of the Horizons,
which have left us,
without paying any attention to them,
even though they begged us,
the Time,
to give them a respite,
at whose flames,
for them to warm up their,
frosted soles of the Feelings,
forced later,
to be amputated,
by Forgetfulness.

54. By a Happening

We're collapsing,
into the voids of the Words
increasingly deep and cold,
where we no longer find,
not even a single Meaning,
which to belong,
of a Love,
which got there,
by a Happening Incidentally,
or Non-incidentally,
who can know,
how many such chances,
they would longer exist strung,
at the shiny bracelets,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
mastered by the Death,
which, does not let them run,
Nowhere, elsewhere,
than in the strictly delimited space,
by the Cemeteries of Words,
among whom we live,
with our will,
or without our will.

55. Emotions of Smoke

Days of asphalt,
dark and cold,
they receive in the Lead Memories,
our lost Traces,
which Nobody,
he will never meet them again,
in the Glances transformed,
into extinguished Candles,
of some Tears of Wax,
by, the Loneliness,
which runs through the stifling, black dust,
of the burning of our own Promises,
whose Emotions of Smoke,
still rise,
from the dark depths,
of our Hearts of Ashes,
the only ones which have longer remained,
from the Fire of Words,
which warmed us, somewhere - sometime,
the Love.

56. I don't know why I'm calling you

I don't know why I'm calling you,
on the wings of the Horizons,
bathed in the Divine Light,
of your Glance,
in which I get lost,
Love.

I don't know why I'm calling you,
even if,
the Rains of Fire,
of our Hearts have been extinguished,
leaving in their place,
the Ashes of some Memories,
carried by the cold Winds of Forgetfulness.

I don't know why I'm calling you,
until beyond of,
the Being of Absolute Truth,
in which we breathed together,
somewhere - sometime,
the Immortality of a World,
only ours.

I don't know why I'm calling you,
on the wings of the Perfection of some Feelings,
next to which we flew Together,
each wearing at the chest,
a Half,
from the Star of Love,
Halves we lost,
when we slipped,
in the arms of the Non-Senses of Existence,
being found later,
by, the Death,
who promised to return them to us,
if we will agree,
to separate from ourselves.

Since then we are two Ghosts,
inseparable,
from this World.

57. The Rain of Dreams of a Kiss

Distances of Fire,
burn the Memories,
on the pyres of the Days of Cardboard,
of Destinies.

Spring scents,
of unopened buds,
are lost in the heights of some Heavens,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
in which we just buried,
the Love.

Decomposed Hopes,
reveal,
the whitened bones of Desires,
which have generated them,
somewhere - sometime,
when we were Together,
under the Rain of Dreams,
of a Kiss,
which I did not understand,
truly,
Never.

58. Behind our own Past

Prides stained,
by the blood of Dreams killed,
with the edges of the Meanings not accepted,
by the manes of free horses,
of the Remorses,
which run in a crazy gallop,
towards ourselves,
the ones who have remained,
behind our own,
Past,
which we would like to resuscitate him,
from the lost depths,
of our own Beings,
but in vain.

59. It is impossible for us

As much as we would like,
to become us again, the ones from before,
of to be the World,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
it is impossible for us,
to we dig up,
from the graves of Memories,
the Being of Love,
which Death asked of us,
forever,
at the altar,
of our cold and lost Glances,
who barely have managed to lean on,
the fallen shoulders,
of the Horizons of some Feelings,
which we sold them,
long before the Weather,
at the stall of our own,
Illusions of Life,
for to buy in their place,
new Meanings,

about which, neither of us believed,
that they can sigh,
with Tears of Sky,
which, they will wash,
the Ashes of Hearts,
what, they forgot about ourselves,
unveiling the Stone of Memory,
from which, somewhere - sometime,
we sculpted,
our own Self-Discovery.

60. The Role of Life

Cold and expressionless advertisements,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
they wander through the Showcases,
where, we have remained,
just us and Love,
the only Living Statues,
what, we have to play,
the Role of Life,
on the scene of Good and Evil,
whose script, is written,
by, the Death,
who has the power,
to take us off the stage at any time,
parting us forever,
if we do not give our Souls,
to the Absurd Theater,
of this World,
of the Nobody.

Nothing from everything we think,
that it Exists,
is not part of us,
but only from, the Death,
in the Mirror of which, we look at,
the Vanity.

61. They are made especially

The agglomerations of the Hearts of Ashes,
are scattered on the streets,
of the Lead Souls,
of the homeless Days,
which cross through the impermissible places,
of the zebras,
of Good and Evil,
the Life and Death.

The household waste,
of the Empty Words,
are thrown away chaotically,
on the frozen faces,
of the lost Glances,
from behind the heavy lead gates,
of the Meanings,
which seem that they are made especially,
not to open ever.

62. Stray dog

Tired reproaches,
they barely can carry their Distances,
from which they came,
the Memories,
to show us,
what is the difference of opinion,
between us,
and Death.

Rusty news,
only now are they unpacked,
by the Absurd,
on the tables of the Birthdays,
which seem to have been,
long before the Time.

Destiny has become,
a stray dog,
hungry and sad,
that can barely carry its,
the frosted Breathing,
on the streets of our Lives.

63. The Hopes falsified

Lights lost,
among the colored spots of the twilights,
which are spread silent and sad,
on the Horizons of Hearts of Ashes,
from the chest of the Memories.

Glances that don't know where to go,
not because no one taught them,
ever this,
but because the dense fogs of Truths,
they forbid them,
to heading for,
the Hopes falsified,
by, the Death,
which wants to hold,
in her cold hands,
the reins of Destinies,
what seem to burn,
from the fever of Love.

64. I never told you

I never told you,
that Love is a Feeling,
before being a Religion,
to which, to we worship,
the knees of Hearts,
which burn instantly,
after her Absolute Truth.

I never told you,
how unprepared,
we were then,
when we started burning us,
with the Sacred Fire of Love,
what was too close to ourselves,
and none of us,
did not know that only the Feelings,
which we did not yet know well enough,
they can keep us from his flames,
which have begun to devour us,
the Hearts,
what they have become,
of Ashes.

I never told you,
how many precipices of Dreams,
they separate us every time,
when we choose to follow,
the Path to ourselves,
and the bridges of Surprises,
which we often encounter,
they were built specifically for us,
by the Cemeteries of Words
of the Vanity.

I never told you,
how many Springtimes carry their Death,
on the shoulders of their own buds of Truth,
and how many Requests,
they remain in the deserted streets,
of our Souls,
just because the Destiny,
to fulfill his duty,
to the Absurd.

65. It was snowing with Dawn

I was waiting for you,
in the Rain of Dreams,
of the Spring Buds,
what, they blossomed,
in the Souls of Hopes,
for to give them to you,
in bouquets of Truth,
at the open windows,
of our Hearts of Fire.

It was snowing with Dawn,
over the insatiable Future,
of to meet you,
at the open gates,
of my Destiny,
which has prepared itself,
as, for a great Feast,
knowing that you will come,
to enlighten me,
the Death,
for which I was born,
so I can meet you.

66. In the vase of the Lost Eyes of the Sky

Flowers of Happiness,
rotten and withered,
in the vase of the Lost Eyes of the Sky,
of some Cemeteries of Words,
we receive as a gift,
from bloody Sunsets with Memories,
from the Sunsets bloodied with Memories,
of Destiny.

Late regrets,
they sprout, frozen,
on the wandering terraces of the Glances,
that surrounds us,
on the deserted streets,
increasingly indifferent,
which pass by the Eternity of the Moment,
as if we never existed,
alongside her.

67. The Candles of the News

Waves of Divine Light,
they flood us the Eternity of Dreams,
whose shores of Memories,
are lost in the thick fog,
of our homeless Words,
which make our communication impossible.

Tears of Wax,
they melt us the Candles of the News,
being put to burn,
both for the Living Hopes,
as well as for the Dead Hopes,
from the Church of Love,
leaving behind them,
the Lead Clouds of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

68. In the Autumn of the Meanings of a rusty Love

Expectations were snowed, with Regrets,
in the Autumn of the Meanings,
of a rusty Love,
whose Steps rustle,
among the leaves yellowed by Weather,
of the Memories,
at whose, shadoof,
we gave us a meeting,
with the Future of Nobody,
which has offered us,
how he saw us,
a large portion, of frozen Moments,
so that we can feel them, the unmistakable taste,
of Death,
in the cold of end of World,
from the lips of Hopes,
who no longer had what to tell us ever.

69. The characters of some Loves

Kneeled Dreams,
through the Showcases of the Regrets,
they are lying unfulfilled and sad,
knowing that they are going to play,
as soon as possible,
the increasingly vulgar roles,
of Living Statues,
of our own Destinies,
where they are obliged,
to interpret,
the characters of some Loves,
increasingly foreign and cold
in relation to us,
and no matter how much they would like,
to rekindle the Sacred Fires,
which were burning, somewhere - sometime,
through the veins of Loves,
they will never succeed,
with our Hearts of Ashes,
which seem to have died,
long before the Weather.

70. To we learn, to love or to die?

No one will ever succeed,
to answer Destiny,
if we should first of all,
to we learn to love,
or to die ?,
in the realms dusted, with Vanity,
of this World,
which, in the end,
proves that it cannot belong to Anyone.

No flower,
will not succeed to sprout,
in the Eyes of Sky, of the Spring,
without being given,
by the Non-Senses,
of this Existence,
to Death.

71. Above the Sky of empty Words

Days, grizzled,
by the hoarfrost of Memories,
they run among the Hearts of Ashes,
of the deserted and cold veins,
through which flow, the Moments,
of so many Non-Senses of Existence,
so we could build with them,
watchtowers,
which to defy the heights of the Absurd,
on the steps of which, to we climb,
till above the Sky of empty Words,
which are tangling,
around the stuck Footsteps,
of the Regrets.

72. The bitter Smiles of the mornings

Dawn chipped by Remorse,
they wear with shyness the discolored handles,
of the Memories,
from which we catch us,
the bitter Smiles of the mornings,
of the Loneliness,
among whose bars,
we still succeed,
to we run after a ray of Pain,
alive, piercing and silent,
which reminds us that we still exist,
as Living Statues of No One,
through the Showcases of the Vanities,
whose owner,
is Death.

73. We were born Alives

Secret meetings,
seasoned with volcanic Hopes,
from whose lava,
we light our Feelings,
that feed our Horizons of Dreams,
with the Sacred Fire of Truth,
that illuminates the Dark,
deep and cold,
of the Death,
in which we were born,
Alives,
for to Love,
together with the Divine Light,
which clothes us,
as a protective shield,
the Eternity of the Moment,
in which we can take refuge,
every time when we no longer want,
to we breathe the Absurd and the Vanity,
of this World.

74. The Streets of Chances

Troubled prides,
reveal,
the cold silences of the depths,
from the Being
of the Vanity and the Absurd,
with the name of Death,
to whom we owe,
our whole Birth,
where we cried for the first time,
the Pain of this World,
what was to clothe us,
with the Streets of her Chances,
deserted and dark,
on which they dwell,
the Addresses of the frozen Words,
on whose lips it is always cold,
and we are obliged,
to we utter them as such.

75. At the table of the Dawns troubled by Loneliness

Promises tangled,
in the blood of the Sunsets,
from the lips of vain Dreams,
which have paid without their will,
the cold and dark debts,
of the Death,
what, gave birth to us,
to we be able to feel,
in her place,
truly,
the Love,
which is the most delicious dessert,
ever tasted by Death,
on which, serves him every time,
along with the Absurd and Vanity,
at the table of the Dawns troubled by Loneliness,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

76. The lost Love of the Saints of a Death

Beliefs, absurd,
with the hair of the tangled Future,
they can't find long before the Time,
a Comb of the Truth,
to untangle it,
from the frames of the Icons,
of our Lives,
which we have hung,
on the Walls that separate us from ourselves,
from the Cathedrals of Words,
more and more ruined,
what, they wait to revive for them,
once and for all,
the lost Love,
of the Saints of a Death,
what has been so cruel so far,
with our Destinies.

77. When we learn how to die, Loving

None of All,
the Non-Senses of this Existence,
which, are our own Destinies,
has never succeeded to tell us,
why were we born,
so Alive,
by Death ?,
just to succeed,
we to love and suffer,
in her place?,
she being incapable of all this ?,
or maybe,
to we adore her face,
when we learn how to die,
Loving?

Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Ştefan Borbély, at the Babeş-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine Contemporanul (The Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, Gnoses of Sorin Cerin, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of

the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the texts-revelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new

poem or collection, to the construction of such an autarchic (Autarky) spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words ," "ruined cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Giovanni Battista Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration (Thomas d'Aquino's acedia, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most

prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still, in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled Where we will be forced to stay:

*We embarked, /on the ship of the Vanity, /with the name of Happiness, /without we knowing, /that the ports in which will dock, /are those of the Pain and Absurd, /followed in the end, /by the one called, Death, /where we will be forced to stay, /forever, /separated from the identity of Love, /what will be stolen from us, /by another Destiny, /what will no

longer belong to us, /for to be carried in the distances, /of the Heart of Fire, /of the Eternity of the Moment, /given somewhere sometime, /by your Glances, /now lost, /among the Flowers of Tears, .of the Memories.*

It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the poet writes - we have been forbidden to know". Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does nothing but move away from the Subconscious

Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the sharing, from its substance, the preparation of transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie anti-eschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them

accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed, unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion ?: the poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes.

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry,relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

SORIN CERIN
- Hearts of Ashes - Philosophical and love poems

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discoursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about

put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discoursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith

(Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined

by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

SORIN CERIN
- Hearts of Ashes - Philosophical and love poems

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of

the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

SORIN CERIN
- Hearts of Ashes - Philosophical and love poems

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", ŕ la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words

lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ... ".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises /

and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the

world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human

being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

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Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutişan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible

map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine

in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ştefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

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Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course,personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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Books published

Sapiential Literature

Volumes of aphorisms

- Culegere de Înțelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme Filozofice-Opere Complete-Ediția2020, the United States of America 2020, Sorin Cerin Wisdom Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete Works -2020Edition contains **16777** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Future of Artificial Intelligence -philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence - philosophical aphorisms, contains **4162** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale Conţine un număr de **505** aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020 ; Destiny of Artificial Intelligence **505** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Iubire și Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Love and Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020
- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii contains **445** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019**;** The Impact of Artificial Intelligence on Mankind **445** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Credinţă și Sfinţenie la Om și Maşină contains **749** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Faith

and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019

- Necunoscutul absurd contains **630** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains **630** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Far Future of Mankind contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Culegere de Înţelepciune – Aforisme filosofice esențiale – Ediţia 2019 contains **13222** aphorisms - Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019

- *Culegere de Înţelepciune - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediţie de Referinţă* the United States of America 2019; *Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition 2019* , contains **12513 aphorisms**- the United States of America 2019
- *Judecători* the United States of America 2019 ; *Judges* –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019

- Culegere de Înţelepciune - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediţie de ReferinţăWisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, **contains 11486 aphorisms** structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014

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- Dumnezeu şi Destin, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2014, God and Destiny, the United States of America, 2014
- Rătăcire, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2013, Wandering, the United States of America, 2014
- Libertate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, Freedom the United States of America,2013
- Cugetări esenţiale, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013
- Antologie de înţelepciune, the United States of America 2012 Anthology of wisdom , the United States of America, 2012 contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- Deşertăciune, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, Vanity , the United States of America, 2011
- Paradisul şi Infernul, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2011, Paradise and Inferno, the United States of America, 2011
- Păcatul, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, The Sin, the United States of America, 2011
- Iluminare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011 Illumination, contains 693 aphorisms the Unites States of America, 2011
- *Culegere de înţelepciune* (*Wisdom Collection*) in which appear for the first time in Romanian the volumes *Înţelepciune(The book of wisdom), Patima (The Booh of Passion) and Iluzie şi Realitate (The Book of Illusion and Reality),* together with those reissued as *Nemurire (The Book of Immortality), Învaţă să mori(The Book of the Dead) and Revelaţii (The Book of Revelations)*, volumes that appeared both separately and together in the collection in the online or printed

English editions of United States, Wisdom Collection **contains 7012 aphorisms** the United States of America 2009

- The Booh of Passion, the United States of America, 2010
- The Book of Illusion and Reality, the United States of America 2010
- The book of wisdom, the United States of America 2010, contains 1492 aphorisms
- Învaţă să mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009 , The Book of the Dead, the United States of America, 2010, contains 1219 aphorisms
- Nemurire, Paco Publishing House, Romania,2009, The Book of Immortality, the United States of America, 2010, contains 856 aphorisms
- Revelaţii 21 Decembrie 2012, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2008, The Book of Revelations, the United States of America, 2010, contains 2509 aphorisms

Volumes of philosophical studies

- Sorin Cerin : The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism - 2020 Reference Edition the United States of America 2020; Sorin Cerin operele Filozofice ale Coaxialismului- editia 2020 the United States of America 2020
- Coaxialismul - Editie completa de referinta, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010 The Coaxialism- Complete reference edition, the United States of America 2011
- Moarte, neant aneant viaţă şi Bilderberg Group, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010, Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being, the United States of America 2020

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- Logica coaxiologică, First edition , Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014 ; The Coaxiological Logic the United States of America 2020
- Starea de concepţiune în fenomenologia coaxiologică, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; The Creation the United States of America 2020
- Antichrist, fiinţă şi iubire, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2012 The Evil, the United States of America 2014
- Iubire the United States of America 2012, Amour the United States of America 2010, Love, the United States of America 2012

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  - *The Divine Light* appeared in the United States of America 2010

Nonfiction volumes

- Wikipedia pseudo-enciclopedia minciunii, cenzurii și dezinformării, appeared in English with the title : Wikipedia:Pseudo-encyclopedia of the lie,

censorship and misinformation; The first critical book about Wikipedia that reveals the abuses, lies, mystifications from this encyclopedia – the United States of America – 2011

- Bible of the Light – the United States of America - 2011
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